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ARE

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## DEGENERACY.

"SHURE AN YOUR HONOUR, IT'S THINGS AS WAS MIGHTY DIFF'RUENT IN THE OULD DAYS WHEN THE GINTHERY BE'S A CUMMIN' TO THE PARTIES! 'TIS AS MUCH AS THREE POUND I'D BE TAKIN' OF A NIGHT; BUT NOW—WHY, DEVIL A BIT BEYANT A FEW COPPERS EVER I SEES AT ALL! MIND YOU, THIS EVENIN' I PUTS A DECOY HALF-CROWN ON THE PLATE MYSELF, AND BEDAD IF THEY DIDN'T TAKE IT OV ME! BUT WAIT—I'LL DO THEM THE NEXT TIME, FOR BEGorra I'LL HAVE IT GLUED TO THE PLATE!"

## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

## ON MAD DOGS.

I GATHER from the usual sources of information that we are now in the midst of an epidemic of terror inspired by mad dogs. There has been a leading article in the *Times*, and the great army of letter-writers, each with his own special tale of horror, and his own patent remedy, has invaded the solemn columns of the daily Press. "One who Loves his Fellow-Men" has been joined in a muzzling crusade by "Prevention is Better than Cure," and "A Dog-Lover of Long Standing" has demanded in tones of menace that members of the tail-wagging fraternity shall be either confined constantly within their kennels, or shot or bludgeoned at sight if they venture to stray abroad in pursuit of those innocent but seemingly important investigations that form so large a part in the life of a dog. County Councils have taken action. The sages who control the affairs of London, having declined to impose a covering on their own baldness, have decided, by way of compensation, that the heads of all dogs in their enlightened jurisdiction shall be confined in cages; and dull men in every part of England, who have hitherto been content to grumble at the rates, and to pay their butchers' bills with decent regularity, are now swelling proudly with the new-born inspiration of a muzzling mission.

"This is a dreadful business," said my friend BROADBEAM to me the other day, in a tone of the deepest gloom, "a dreadful business. I don't know why the Government delay to take action."

"Good Heavens," said I, for I had not yet seen my evening papers, and I thought that possibly some new and totally unexpected crisis had arisen for the benefit of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN and the music-halls. "Good Heavens! what has happened? Has Venezuela broken loose again and burnt Mr. GEORGE CURZON and Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT in effigy? Or has President KROGER demanded the head of Mr. CECIL RHODES on a charger? Do not keep me in suspense,

BROADBEAM; tell me what has happened, for I love my country, and wish to know the worst."

"What?" asked BROADBEAM, his whole being shaking like a restive blanc-mange with suppressed fear; "do you mean to say you haven't seen all the articles in the papers about *rabies*? Why the whole place is full of mad dogs, and we shall all be bitten in our beds." BROADBEAM, I should explain, has a certain fondness for expressing himself melodramatically, but not always with strict appropriateness. No doubt he had read somewhere about people being murdered in their beds.

I TRIED to soothe my unfortunate friend, but the effort, though well meant, was a wretched failure. He refused to be comforted, and went off in a hansom. Being a nervous man, he is not, as a rule, addicted to hansom; but, in his present state of terror, the word "growler" was too fearfully suggestive, and the comfortable customary four-wheeler was abandoned. I have reason to believe that the letter signed "A Conservative, but a Patriot," which appeared in a morning paper shortly afterwards, was from BROADBEAM's indignant pen. The writer, it will be remembered, declared, with a fine sarcasm, that Lord SALISBURY might possibly manage to spare a moment or two from the miseries of the Armenians for the sufferings of the English people at home. What was the object of writing despatches to the SULTAN when law-abiding Englishmen were allowed to be made the victims of thousands of mad and prowling dogs? Had not the SULTAN a crushing retort ready to his hand? "This question," the writer concluded, "obliterates all distinctions of party. I have been a loyal supporter of the present Government, but there are necessary limits even to party-loyalty, and, in my case, these limits have been reached."

HAVING digested this portentous declaration, I turned to the sixty-ninth letter of "A Citizen of the World" by OLIVER GOLDSMITH. It was entitled "The Fear of Mad Dogs Ridiculed," and gives a humorous account of the epidemic terror through which the population of these islands was passing some hundred and thirty years ago. "A dread of mad dogs," he says, "is the epidemic terror which now prevails; and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people rally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer. . . . The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. . . . This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, when he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup. . . . My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour with horror and astonishment in her looks. . . . A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who had it from very good authority."

WITH all our statistics, our sanitary inspectors, our County Councils, and our wire muzzlings, I believe we are every whit as foolish, as credulous, as liable to blind panic as were our forefathers in GOLDSMITH'S day. In any case, I am certain that of all possible remedies the cage-muzzle is the most absurd, in that it defeats its object, and is admirably calculated to promote the disease against which it is to guard us. But I have my consolations. In another month or two the country gentlemen of England will be sending up deputations, and announcing in the public prints that they are resolved to vote against a Government which has basely allowed dogs to be muzzled.

THEATRICAL ON DIT.—In consequence of the success of *The Sign of the Cross*, the temporary manager of the Lyric, following the example of Mr. William Stumps, as recorded in *Pickwick*, has now adopted the following signature, "WILSON BARRITT: HIS MARK X." W. B. may have been a long time in "making his mark," but he has done it at last.



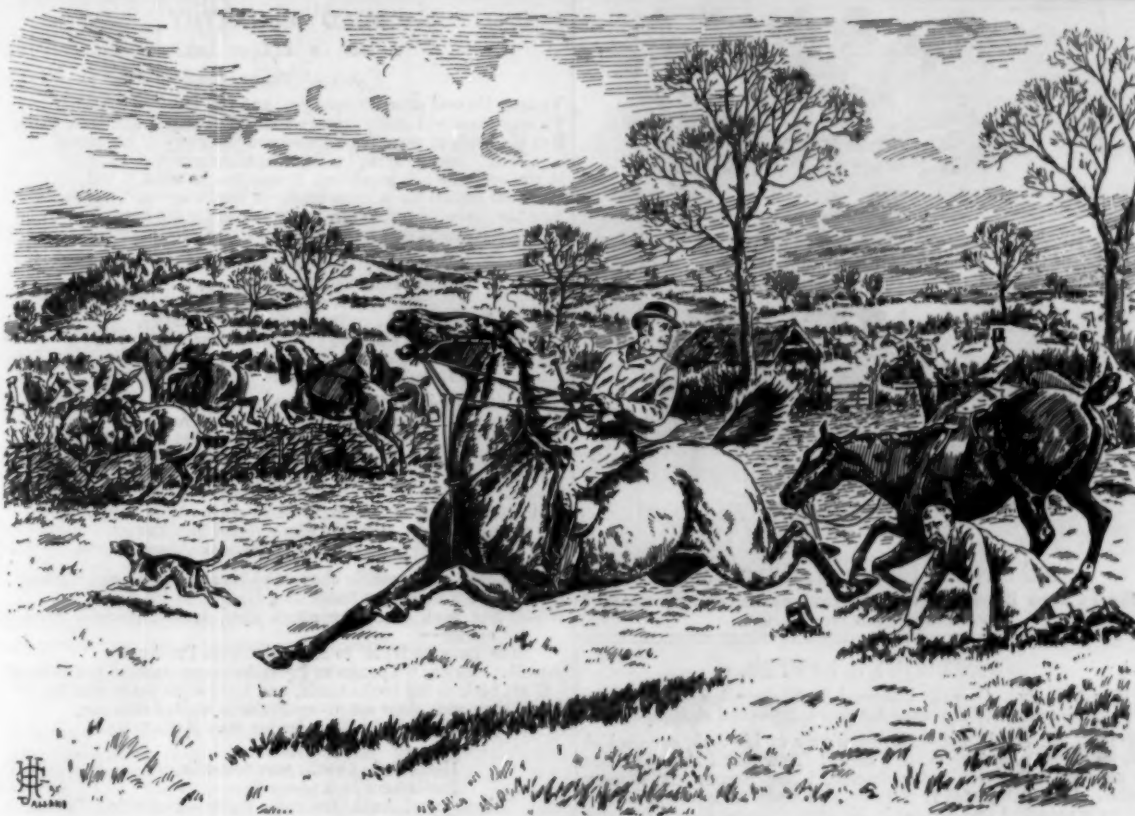
**"MY CAREER IS ONLY BEGINNING!"**

*(See Report of Mr. Rhodes's brief speech before leaving South Africa, Jan. 1896.)*

*Performer (loc.). "THINK I WILL POSTPONE APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC AND GO BACK AGAIN."*

*"Mr. RHODES will immediately return to South Africa. . . . Curiosity will probably be whetted rather than allayed by this intimation."—Times, Feb. 8.*





## UNCERTAIN—VERY.

Sportsman (having been knocked over by Breaker on bolting four-year-old). "Hi! YOU FOOL! WHERE THE DEUCE ARE YOU GOING!"  
Horse-breaker. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SEE TO THE COLT, SIR!"

## THE JOKING OAK.

(A Dramatic Poem for recitation.)

"PAUSE, Woodman, pause! My fate is known.

Thy cruel axe I see.  
List—since you've remarked me for your own—  
To some re-marks from me."

The Woodman said, in tone abrupt,  
"A tree that speaks should be——"

But here the Oak did interrupt,—  
"No, I'm not BEEBROHM TREE.

"Too feeble for a lark I grow  
To perch on after dark.  
My bite you do not dread, although  
You do care for my bark."

The Woodman cries, in much surprise,  
"The like I never knew!  
Why, if I trust my ears and eyes,  
The Oak that spoke was *Yeo!*"

"'Twas I indeed," the Oak replied.  
"Your ears did not deceive.  
My leaves are sparse, my fibre's dried.  
Could not you me re-leave?"

"That's not my trade," the Woodman said,  
"You queer cuss of a *querens*.  
Re-living flier! Not paid  
Am I by Parish Work'us.

"With critic's eye I will not meet  
Your leaves, or green, or brown;

As thrift high salaries must treat,  
So I must cut you down."

To him the Oak, "Old friends ne'er cut.  
Be that the woodman's maxim.  
I could a tale unfold." "Tut, tut!"  
The Woodman paused,—"I'll ax him.

"How is it you're a Talking Oak?  
Just answer that, old chap."  
The Oak replied, "Excuse the joke,  
I'm full of *cerbum sap*."

The Woodman staggered. Sad to tell,  
He knew but one retort,



A cutting one! . . . The old tree fell.  
One blow had cut him short.

The Woodman by the fall was crush'd  
As by a load of bricks!  
Both Joking Oak and Woodman! hush'd!  
They've gone across the Styx.

## "HOW ART THOU TRANSLATED!"

SIR,—In a letter, written in French to the *Times* last week, read aloud to me by a friend who flatters himself as much on the correctness of his accent as I pride myself on my comprehension of the language when pronounced in my hearing by an educated Parisian, I noticed the words "*Palais Moral*." A year and a half, I regret to say, has elapsed since last I visited the gay city, and then the entertainment at the Palais Royal was, as ever, broadly farcical, and, as English ladies say, "Oh so French, you know!" Is it possible that our gay old "*Palais Royal*," the home of *Le plus heureux des trois*, and many other irresistibly funny improbabilities, has been converted into a "*Palais Moral*?" Or is there a *Palais Moral* set up in opposition to the *Palais Royal*?

Yours, "UN QUI SAIT."

[Referring to the letter, we find that the expression used was the "*palais moral*." *Espérons que notre "un qui sait" aurait toujours "le palais fin."*—Ed.]

LARGELY PATRONISED BY SPORTING HEADS  
JUST NOW.—The Spring Handi-caps.



MR. PUNCH'S PATENT MATINEE HAT,  
FITTED WITH BINOCULAR GLASSES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE  
SITTING BEHIND ITS WEARER.

### SOMEBODY'S LETTER.

SCENE—A Study. Greatly Esteemed Statesman discovered hanging up a considerably damaged hat and a little used shillelagh.

Greatly Esteemed Statesman (returning to his desk, upon which rests an all but completed letter). There! Now that I have put back my emblems of service and authority, I can resume my literary studies. How delightful it is to be once again amongst my books! No longer provoked and worried! No longer almost induced to give a severely irritating opponent a good hard knock! No longer denounced by half the Press of my native country, and contemptuously bullied by the remainder. Able at last to sit down in an easy-chair, with the comforting dignity of a scholar and a gentleman. Why I do believe that I shall be able to drink a cup of tea in peace! No more shoutings and yellings, and all sorts of hideous interruptions! I retire from the toil and tumult and heartburning of political contest, to resume the peaceful pleasure of justly-appreciated authorship. But let me read, for the last time, my letter, to see if I have forgotten anything I wish to be remembered. (*Peruses his epistle.*) Yes, I give in my resignation plainly enough! But what an omission! (*Writes, and then reads.*) "I need not tell you with what regret I make this announcement." No, I needn't!

[Greatly Esteemed Statesman smiles as the scene closes in upon a tableau of intense felicity.]

### "GOING TWO BETTER!"

GOOD news for those whom business, or pleasure, or a combination of both, takes to France per L. C. and D. night-boats. *The Dover* having satisfactorily passed her examination on the Clyde (the exam is a pretty stiff one), is to be followed by *The Calais*, and these two will supersede the Continental travellers' old friends, *The Foam* and *The Wave*. What need now of any Channel Tunnel, when no passenger need fear sea-sickness; for how can there be any *mal-de-mer* in the absence of *Wave* and *Foam*? They are to travel at the rate of "eighteen knots per hour," which is "three knots in excess of old rate." Consequently the sooner will the *trajet* be over. But will this gain give any extra time for a *petit souper, en route*, at the celebrated Calais buffet of the *Gare Maritime*? May this be so, since, at that "very witching time of night," there is nothing so sustaining to the *vacuus viator* as the comforting *bouillon*, served just hot enough, and not too hot, for immediate consumption, accompanied by a glass of "the generous," at one franc the half bottle. To be compelled to travel to Paris as "an empty" is poor fun, false economy, and a bad start, whether for pleasure or business.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—"During his visit to Constantinople, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been persistently followed by five of the SULTAN'S spies."

### MILD MCCARTHY.

A LAY OF A LOST LEADER:

AIR—"Banniscorthy."

YE may thravel over Europe, yes, and the U-nited States,  
Ye may meet wid many leaders wid sound hearts and level pates,  
But the pride of snug tea-parties and the glory of his mates,  
Was "dear JUSTIN," mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY.  
It was early he tuk breakfast, it was late he wint to bed,  
He never ceased his labours hard—or leastway—so 'twas said—  
And the praise of patriotism was a laurel for his head,  
And its light was like a nimbus round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—

Home Rule he was a tower in,  
Debate he was a power in,  
The pride of Oireland's pathrotic Parthy.  
When shillelaghs all went whacking,  
And the skulls of Pats were cracking,  
The fairest chance of peace was in MCCARTHY.

But in spite of JUSTIN'S gentleness, some desperate rows arose,  
MCCARTHY did his best for to conciliate the foes;  
But stick would clash wid cudgel, yes and fist encounter nose,  
It was that which played the mischief wid MCCARTHY.  
For raspy REDMOND did his best to knock TIM HEALY down,  
They all fought wid one another, 'stead o' foightin' 'gin the Crown,  
And DILLON, SEXTON, DAVITT—all rare warriors of renown—  
Seemed dancin' like mad devils round MCCARTHY.

Chorus:—Home Rule he was a tower in, &c.

Now, JUSTIN was a gentle bhoy, who loved romance and rhymes,  
And likeways wished to finish off a History of his Times,—  
Which had been exceeding rough ones, amidst quarrels, rows, and  
crimes—

So he gave up tryin' to lead the Oirish Parthy.  
Says MCCARTHY, "Thanks to Providence, my task at last is done!  
I'll git back to my books again, and have some peace and fun!"  
But if they wish their split-up Parthies welded into one,  
They'll scarce find a fitter leader than MCCARTHY!

Chorus:—

Home Rule he still may tower in,  
Parliament be a power in;  
Bat, faix! Auld Oireland's shamroek-sporting Parthy,  
When the sticks again are whacking,  
And the skulls once more are cracking,  
May miss dear, mild, magnanimous MCCARTHY!

### THE NEW SPORT OF "THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

Rules of the Game.

1. ANY number of players can take part in this pastime.
2. The players shall consist of a limited number of conductors and any amount of distinguished contributors.
3. When all is ready to begin, the conductor writes out a number of questions of a miscellaneous character, such as "What is your opinion upon street music?" "Why do you or do you not patronise the Stores?" or "What are your favourite books, and why do you prefer them?"
4. The conductor then distributes the written questions amongst the distinguished contributors, and waits for the answers, which, when received, count as "copy."
5. If the conductor gets a reply to some such question as "Should the clergy visit theatres?" from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, he scores one on account of the quality of the copy.
6. Should a question remain unanswered by a player, the conductor passes it on to the most likely distinguished contributor, and the non-answer becomes a non-contributor, and ceases to have an interest in the game.
7. Should a distinguished contributor require payment for his answer, considering it copy, the conductor withdraws the question and sends it to someone of the non-contributor's profession and standing unlikely to demand remuneration. When the conductor receives a gratuitous reply he scores again.
8. When the conductor uses a contributor to obtain answers to a series of questions (called an "interview") from a second player, then the chosen contributor may ask to divide the profits of the interview with the conductor. Should the chosen contributor succeed in his application he marks one, but the second player, however distinguished, having served his purpose in providing the materials of the interview, does not count.
9. A conductor who sends out scores of circulars without eliciting a reply is said to "miss his tip," and is consequently "put out."
10. The winner of the game is he who obtains the best copy at the least cost, after allowing higher marks to quantity than to quality.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE COMPASSIONATE PUNTER TO  
THE LUCK-FORESAKEN DANSEL.

'Twas all my fault, I know you'll  
say  
I led your innocence astray  
At Epsom, when I said I'd lay  
Long odds against Sir Visto.  
And so to make it real fun  
I ask'd "In fivers?" You cried  
"Done!"  
And when I paid you what you'd  
won,  
Declared I was "Mephisto!"

To-day how chang'd you seem  
to be,  
No longer merry, fancy free,  
Only too glad a race to see,  
Just to enjoy an outing.  
For now you scan with eager eyes  
The "Latest Betting"—wondrous  
wise—  
You know when this or that horse  
"tries,"  
And love the "bookies" shout-  
ing.

There was a time not long ago  
When at a lawn or paddock show,  
In chiffon, frill and furbelow,  
Than you none could be smarter.  
No more I note that dainty grace,  
That symphony in silk and lace;



H. I. M. the Sultan (reading to himself from his presentation copy of  
Mr. William Watson's sonnets)—

"THOU WITH THE BRIGHTEST OF HELL'S AURICLES  
DOST RHINE SUPREME, INCOMPARABLY CROWNED  
IMMORTALLY, BEYOND ALL MORTALS, DAMNED!"  
"WELL, I'M—I I MEAN, BISMILLAH!"

You've lost your pride in Fashion's  
race,  
And rarely face the starter.

Is it too late to bid you leave  
The course that ever must deceive?  
Your losses you may yet retrieve  
And make up all your misses.  
I've such a tip!—a splendid thing!  
A match that must good fortune  
bring!—  
Say, will you try another ring,  
And bet with me in kisses?

"Nursery Erudition" in a  
Nutsell.

"ALFRED's name, and the tales  
that clustered round it, formed the  
most enthralling pages of nursery  
erudition."—Mr. Austin's Preface to  
"England's Darling."

SING a song of ALFRED!  
Rhymester's all awry.  
"England's Darling" erst was  
praised  
By Poet Laureate FYE.  
Deeming the course was open,  
AUSTIN the same did sing,  
Was not that a shocking fate  
For the great Saxon King?

THE REAL "INTOLENABLE  
STRAIN."—Street organs.

## THE INCOMPLETE LONDON LETTER.

(To be filled up by those "in the know.")

WORD of preface. New feature. Brevity order of the day. Light  
touch. Light come. Light go. Give outline. Shading superfluous.  
Last idea of the artists—very clever. "Why dot your i's?" "Why  
cross your t's?" Leave something to the imagination. Do it now  
instead of later. Saving at any rate in legacy duty.

HUNTING story. A man angry. Another man angry too. Language.  
Took the dogs home. "Congratulations." Office of telegram's  
origin—Berlin.

LEAP Year. Women proposing everywhere. Man never knows  
when he may lose singularity. One fellow reads first column daily.  
Says he must keep his eye on "the marriages." If he didn't, might  
miss his own wedding.

FEW points. He heard it at the Club. Fan found in the private  
box. With the menu. But she needn't have lost her temper. For  
it wasn't the fault of the spaniel. They wondered at the Stock  
Exchange. Not that it affected the conservatory. For he was  
wearing a blue domino. And she threw up the part at the last  
moment. However, it kept the congregation waiting. The pow-  
er-opener suggested a key. But it didn't matter much, as the mail-  
boat was not running. So she said she preferred Olympia. Which  
certainly astonished her mother. Hitherto a most indulgent parent.  
But what can be done when the coachman flatly refuses to bring out  
the horses? It certainly was frosty weather, and the bracelet had  
gone to be mended. But that needn't have put off the lecture. For,  
after all, the Royal Institution is the Royal Institution. Especially  
when diamonds are trumps three times running. So they preferred  
to stay at Nice instead of Monte Carlo. At the suggestion of the  
curate. At least, that was the tale told by the Squire at the hunting  
breakfast. But it was injudicious to talk about their meeting at  
Niagara. You can skate on thin ice anywhere. So said the Duke,  
when they asked his Grace's opinion. But they shouldn't have  
turned out the guard, for in spite of his riband he wasn't a field  
officer. And it was thoughtless at four o'clock in the morning. So  
they observed at the War Office. And they ought to know. Not  
that it wasn't annoying after they had ordered the table d'hôte  
luncheon. Extenuating circumstances was the verdict. But they  
are all wondering how it will end. For the dog-cart was smashed to  
atoms, and no one could find the lost certificate.

AND now I have referred to all the stories "going the rounds." At  
least, so says the Judge of the High Court.

FEMALE DEFINITION OF LEAP YEAR.—Miss Understood.

## THE INFANT REFORMED.

(A Dialogue Dedicated, with Mr. Punch's Compliments, to those who  
rely upon Figures.)

Compiler of Statistics. Now, my little man, I presume you are  
quite well?

Child between five and ten. Yes, thank you; me very well.

Compiler. Never had a day's illness, eh?

Child. Never dat me knows of.

Compiler. That's right, and have you been told that, taking the  
years 1841 to 1860, the death-rate of children under five years old  
was 71.2?

Child. Me has, and dat between years 1886 to 1890 death-rate  
only 61.9.

Compiler. Certainly, my dear; you are accurate to a decimal  
point. And can you now tell me what has been the death-rate for  
the same periods for children like yourself, between five and ten?

Child. Me thinks 9.3 and 4.9. Am me right?

Compiler. Quite right. You are a very good little boy, indeed;  
and now tell me, is not this decrease attributable to improved  
sanitary arrangements?

Child. Very possible. Me likes the booful green fields and great  
big playgrounds. Me likes 'em very much, indeed!

Compiler. Of course you do! very natural, too! But don't you  
think it probable that the abstention from alcohol during the later  
period has had something to do with it?

Child. Yes, yes. Me live longer dan the oder iekle boys and  
girls, 'cos the oder iekle boys and girls were naughty iekle boys and  
girls!

Compiler. I am glad to hear you say so, although, perhaps, it was  
not entirely their fault. But why do you think the children who  
preceded you were naughty?

Child. 'Cos dey all took to drinking!

Compiler. A most intelligent response! and, to mark my apprecia-  
tion of your replies to my questions, I beg to present you with  
two pence. What will you buy with it?

Child. Me will buy nice sweeties.

Compiler. But you will avoid brandy-balls?

Child. Accourse me will. Me buy sugar-stick, not brandy-balls.  
Why me not buy brandy-balls? 'Cos me am total abstainer!

[Exeunt severally.]

A LINE FOR LAUREATES.

MEM. for all future patriotic Odes:—  
The old "Path of Empire" now should be its RHODES!

NEW NAME FOR THE PRESENT AGE.—The German Sauce-age!





### ALL IS IN A NAME.

'WELL, DARLING, YOU HAVE GOT A SWAGGER FROCK ON, THIS TIME!'  
 "IT'S NOT A FROCK, HENRY." "WHY, WHAT IS IT, THEN?"  
 "THE NEWSPAPERS CALL IT A CREATION OF MADAME ALDEGONDE'S!"

### IN PAINTERS' CORNER.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

"He may become as eminent as he pleases."—*Hiram Powers*. "LEIGHTON has painted many noble pictures, but his life is more noble than them all."—*Mr. G. F. Watts*.]

PROPHET and praise-awarder, both were right;  
 And here to-day, beneath St. Paul's grey dome,

History confirms the sculptor's forecast bright,  
 And the great painter's tribute. He's at home

Here, with the genial genius, courtly soul,  
 And true Art-friend, Sir JOSHUA. Here to lie

Near REYNOLDS is a royal fate, a goal  
 At once fulfilling praise and prophecy.

A noble course right nobly run, and since  
*Noblesse oblige*, his manners matched his Art.

Fine painter-skill, the bearing of a prince,  
 CRICHTON's accomplishments,—in every part  
 His life was of a piece, crowned with a death  
 Painful but manfully patient,—noble still!  
 Disparagement's malign and peevish breath  
 Here may not penetrate, nor venom kill  
 The fame which is the fruit of cultured days,  
 Ripening despite the canker and the blight  
 Of pestilent petty things, in whom all praise,  
 Save of their hobby-idols, genders spite:  
 Great if not quite among the greatest, here  
 A noble artist, of a noble life,  
 Rests, with a fame that lives, and needs not fear  
 Detraction, or the hour's ephemeral strife.

### TO A CAUTIOUS STOCKBROKER.

You recommend Consols, the one  
 Investment absolutely sound;  
 Home Rails perhaps I need not shun,  
 If nothing better can be found.  
 For comfort has more charms than wealth;  
 Let ease with placid calm combine,  
 Since sleepless nights the best of health  
 Will undermine.

Consols? Bless me, I can't afford  
 To live on one or two per cent.!  
 The workhouse then must give me board  
 And lodging, free from rates and rent.  
 I come—I'm hanged, you've made me shy!  
 My brightest hopes I half resign.  
 What will you think of me if I  
 Suggest a mine?

You frown. I know what you will say—  
 That sleepless nights will be my lot,  
 That I shall pine and fade away,  
 And die a pauper, shall I not?  
 To pause before it is too late,  
 Though cent. per cent. sounds very fine,  
 Or ruin is the certain fate  
 Of me and mine.

I know you're right, I'm quite ashamed;  
 To avarice there should be bounds;  
 And yet the sum I have not named,  
 I only meant a hundred pounds.  
 Now mines are low it seems no sin  
 To risk a rise. You won't decline  
 To buy ten shares—I shock you?—in  
 The Bunkum Mine.

### THE PROGRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

(From a Matter-of-Coming-Fact Romance.)

"You are greatly changed," said ADOLPHUS to his friend, after a pause. "I have not seen you for a year. When we last met you were the merriest of the merry. What have become of your quaint quips—your comic cranks?"

"Gone, all gone," returned HORATIO, gloomily.

"Your company is certainly depressing," the other continued. "When we bade each other adieu, twelve months since, it was with a pleasing jest, and a mirth-compelling anecdote. I remember how you made me laugh at the story of SNOOKS' infatuation for photography. He had learned how to reproduce the hitherto hidden bones of the living hand."

"Speak not of SNOOKS," HORATIO muttered, in a tone suggestive of apprehension. "Would that I had never met him."

"And yet he was a man of intellect. He never seemed tired of making experiments."

"It was that love of investigation that has proved my curse," cried the hapless HORATIO.

"He was not satisfied with merely photographing the human frame as he found it in the breathing body. He extended his operations until now I am completely in his power!"

"I do not understand you!"

"Who would?" queried the grief-stricken victim, wearily; "and yet what I say is true. SNOOKS is in the possession of a secret I thought safe from all the world. He knows what I had hoped had been buried in the never-to-be-remembered past."

"You are more mysterious than ever! Pray explain yourself."

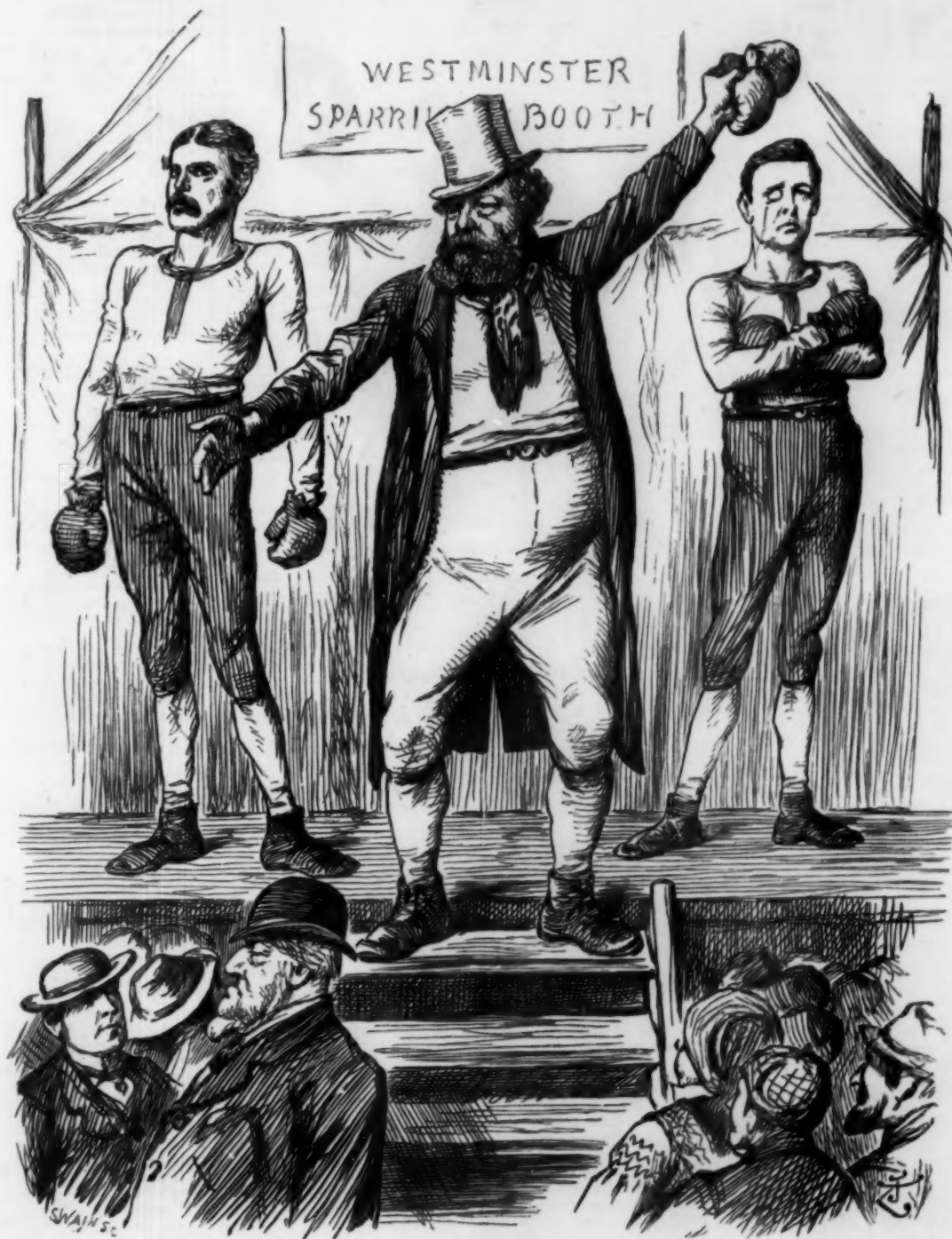
"It is the curse of the camera!"

ADOLPHUS glanced at his friend uneasily. A suspicion had entered his mind.

"No," said HORATIO, sadly, "I am not mad. With the assistance of photography SNOOKS has discovered something that fills me with fear." There was a pause. Then came the explanation in a terror-inspired whisper.

"He has succeeded—it is true after many failures—in taking a carte of the skeleton in the cupboard!"





“JUST A-GOIN’ TO BEGIN!”

PROFESSOR S-L-SB-RY (P.P.R.). “NOW, MY SPORTIN’ GENTS, ’ERE’S THE ’ATFIELD PET AND THE BRUMMAGEM BRUISER—WHO’LL HAVE ’EM ON WITH EITHER OF ’EM?”





## SONG OF THE NEW NOVEL-READER.

AIR—"I cannot sing the old songs."

I CANNOT read the old books!  
They always bore me so.  
I never read the old books,  
They are so dull and slow.  
DICKENS and SCOTT are awful rot,  
LITTON's pure fiddlededee.  
I cannot read the old books,  
They give the hump to Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
Just think of *Rasselas*!  
BIRRELL calls JOHNSON hero,  
I call him an old ass.  
GOLDSMITH and BURKE I always shirk,  
DRYDEN and POPE I flee.  
I cannot read the old books,  
They're far too "dry" for Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
DICKENS is dreadfully low;  
I once could laugh o'er *Pickwick*,  
But that was long ago.  
I tried a bit of *Chuzzlewit*  
The other day, to see.  
But I cannot read the old "Boz,"  
Sam Weller sickens Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
I'm forced to skip and dodge.  
THACKERAY's such a proser,  
And SCOTT's a fearful stodge.  
*Di Vernon* is old-fashioned "biz,"  
And *Becky*, so is she.  
I cannot stand those old "crooks,"  
They have no charm for Me!

I cannot read the old books!  
They've neither style nor *chic*.  
Their men are so provincial,  
Their maids so milky meek.



DOLLY'S CLASSICS.

"THE LAOCOON."

They're not "sincere," and of  
small beer  
Their chronicles all be.  
I cannot stand their old "spoons,"  
Their bleat just sickens Me!

I cannot bear the old books!  
They make me squirm and  
blench.  
They've no dusk touch of Nor-  
way,  
They've no sharp dash of  
French.  
Nay, you will miss "analysis,"  
With which the Yank's so free.  
I cannot stand the "old gang,"  
They've no phil-os-o-phy!

I cannot read the old books!  
You see I'm up-to-date!  
My cult is of the new gods,  
Faun-Passion, Fury-Fate,  
The great god Pan to Modern  
Man  
Is chief divinity.  
I cannot bow to old gods,  
They're fetish frumps to Me!

I will not read the old books!  
They're so unsound on Sex!  
They grovel to the Grundy-bonds  
That virile readers vex.  
They're non-erotic, crass, chaotic,  
Art's earliest A B C.  
No, no! I read the New Books.  
They thrill and tickle Me!

ON HIS "CURZONARY" RE-  
MARKS.—A propos of Mr. CURZON  
and his burglarious simile, M.  
FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ, Foreign  
Editor of *Le Temps*, wrote a  
thoroughly *Press-sensé*-ble to the  
*Times* last Friday.

## FROM THE DIARY OF A LAUREATE.

HANG it! Wish some other fellow hadn't written "*Rule, Britannia*." It would come in now admirably. Wonder if any-  
body knows anything more of it than the chorus? Let me see—  
how did first verse commence?

"When Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main."

Capital! just exactly what I was thinking of! bother it! It's the  
idea! Can't get it out of my head. *Happy Thought*.—I see—  
"*Britain first*" is the keynote. "First": beginning at the begin-  
ning—good,—that's it—must make a start somehow.

"In the beginning when—"

Ahem! sounds scriptural. Um. Well, why not? I will. *Happy  
Thought*.—Develop idea of Britain "in the beginning—when,"  
what? Go back a little. What is comprised in the word "Britain"?  
Island: water—sea—shore—shingle—(bravo! note down "shingle")  
—beach—fields—woods—fastnesses! Whoop! Lovely word "fast-  
nesses." Can't fit it in. Pity! What colour "fastnesses"? Grey!  
Splendid!! And fields—what colour fields? Depends on time of  
year. *Happy Thought*.—Any time of year will do. Poetry, not for  
any particular season, but for all time. Say "green" for choice. Got  
it! "Grey fastnesses and green fields." No, no; common-places;  
and "fastnesses"—beautiful word—but can't fit it into metre.

Query—Change metre? No: I'm strung up for this jerky put-  
-em-together-anyhow-chaotic-sort-of-pre-creation-of-world metre.  
Must stick to it. It's original. And what I like is *Originality*, if  
one can only get it! I've got it; and I'll keep it. "Grey"—  
"green"—"fast"—"nesses." By Jingo! that's it! Omit the  
"fast"! Lovely!! Here:—

"Grey-green nesses."

Bravo! bravissimo! An inspiration. What are "nesses"? Doesn't  
matter; if I don't know, nobody else will. Note it down for use when  
wanted. Sure to come in somewhere. Wish I could think of some-  
thing new about the sea! Should like to call it "the azure main,"  
but the chap who wrote "*Rule, Britannia*" did that, hang him!  
Let me see—no, I mean "see" (no levity). What's in the sea?  
Fish. Big fish. Whales! Hoorsay! *Whales*! England and  
Whales! that is "Britain." Oh dear! No, I mustn't joke. I must

ourb my Pegasus! I must use my Pegasus as a cart-horse. *Cart  
Horse*! In field. Sea horse in "azure main." (Dash "azure  
main"! Mariner "ploughs sea." Why not "whale" instead of  
"mariner"? Ploughing the land? Ploughing the water? Triumph!  
Another line!

"And whale-ploughed water."

Bee-autiful! That will do for to-night. Bring in shingle, valleys,  
and mists to-morrow. Good night! I do wish that idiot, whoever  
he was, had never written "*Rule, Britannia*." Deuced hard on me.

## An Appeal, when in Distress, to my Aunt.

(By a modest Nephew.)

SWEET Aunt, I've lov'd you as I should,  
And never ask'd you for a stiver.  
I'm in a mess I must confess.  
Will you, as dear old Uncle would,  
Upon my watch advance a "fiver"?

## A MUSICAL HINT.

At St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts the Meistersingers gave  
GORMAN's "*Whene'er I Gaze*." This was announced in the  
papers everywhere. Of course GAZER deserves this publicity. We  
are not "a deniging of it." But wouldn't it be fair and square  
towards the other and older firm of tourists' agents if the same sweet  
warblers were, alternately with this, to give a madrigal entitled,  
"*Whene'er I Cook*"? We are not aware of the existence of such  
a concerted piece, but surely it might be at once written, composed,  
and performed. Then one verse, as an *ensemble*, would do justice  
to both these estimable and useful Travelling houses. As thus:—

Whene'er I Gaze on amounts  
For travels, reduced they be:  
Whene'er I Cook my accounts  
I'm saving my £. s. d.

This verse is just given gratis, as a mere suggestion, by our own  
Private Laureate—not ALFREDO caro—and may be used, applied,  
and developed, by the Meistersinger-in-Chief, for the public benefit,  
and his own, whenever he takes it.



Old Jones. "YES, MY BOY, THERE'S WINE FOR YOU, EH! I BOUGHT TEN POUNDS WORTH OF IT THE OTHER DAY."  
Brown. "WHAT A LOT YOU MUST HAVE GOT!"

### THE FALL OF FOGSON.

Fogson had been absent for more than a year from the meetings of our photographic club, and most of us would have borne the loss with some fortitude if he had never returned at all. It was undeniable that Fogson took better photographs than the rest of us, but this fact did not justify the disparaging and offensive criticisms which he used to utter about the work of his fellow-members. In his capacity as President, he had even had the effrontery to bestow the annual gold medal upon himself, while declining to award the silver and bronze ones "on account of the exceedingly low standard attained by the exhibitors."

So it was not with unmixed sorrow that one day we learnt from Fogson his intention of making a tour round the world.

"I shall return," he said, "with such a collection of pictures as you incompetent beginners cannot even imagine."

Somebody suggested that his luggage would be rather heavy, if it was to include all his apparatus.

"Not at all," he replied, triumphantly. "I shall take only one detective-camera, specially fitted with a film long enough to take five hundred pictures. That will be absolutely all."

Someone else regretted that space couldn't be found for at least one clean collar. But Fogson took no notice of the irreverent suggestion, and shortly afterwards went away to obtain his new "Dokak" from the shop, as he was to leave England on the following day.

We got on very well in his absence. All the pictures at our annual exhibition were so

good that year that we decided to award twenty-four gold medals. Our club has just two dozen members, not including FOGSON.

One evening, about thirteen months later, our President suddenly re appeared in our midst. We asked if his tour had been successful. "Successful!" he exclaimed. "It has been magnificent! My dear friends, you may congratulate me. I have taken such a series of photographs as will give me world-wide fame. I have undergone the most unheard-of dangers and privations; I have climbed to the most inaccessible parts of the earth; I have been lowered in diver's dress, with my camera, to the bottom of the Pacific; I have photographed a volcano in full eruption from the edge of the crater, I—"

We interrupted his eloquence to inquire when the results of his journey would be visible.

"Almost at once," he replied. "I sent on my 'Dokak' in advance to Messrs. LENS AND HYPO's, telling them to develop my pictures, and to send the prints here. They may arrive at any time."

At this moment a page entered the room with a note, which he handed to FOGSON.

"Ah, this is from the shop," he said, quickly tearing it open: "now we'll see why... good heavens!" He suddenly became deadly pale, and staggered backwards into a chair. For a moment we thought that he was about to have a fit.

"Read it!" he said, in a faint voice, dropping the letter to the ground. The secretary picked it up, and read aloud as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your camera is duly to hand. We regret to say, however, that through an oversight—doubtless due to the haste with

which your order had to be executed—no roll of sensitized film was placed inside it. Thus, although the rest of the mechanism is in perfect order, there is, of course, no record of any of the scenes which you imagined yourself to be photographing, as the interior of the camera is absolutely empty."

The Presidency was declared vacant next day, and FOGSON has not been heard of since.

### THE PLEA OF PILGARLIC.

(The Impetunious Income-tax Payer to the Jingo Patriot.)

"PAY up like a man, and don't grudge it!" That's grand patriotic advice.

Sir MICHAEL projecting his Budget, No doubt feels exceedingly nice: But oh! when I have to make payment Of eightpence—or more—in the pound, My wife, running short of new raiment, Will not look so nice, I'll be bound. The last three years' average, verily, Makes me feel sad and look glum.

Patriots perorate merrily, I—pay my tax and am dumb. But oh! CLEVELAND, KAÜGER, RHODES,

WILL-I-AM, And backers of JAMESON's raid, Can you guess how alarmed at the bill I am, Or with what sore effort 'tis paid?

When one has a limited income, A falling one, thoughts will obtrude; Wild wondering whence will the tin' come;

And oh! tax-collectors are rude! With a rather exacting Exchequer, And agents capricious and curt,

'Tisn't easy to keep up one's pecker, Or even to keep in one's shirt. When a big tax is claimed in a lump, it Comes hard on a purse that is small,

I fear I shall "go off my crumpet" As taxes arise, and "screws" fall. Some "returns" are far less than receipts,

But mine, I admit it, are more. Both dodges, no doubt, are deceivings, But oh! to be sniffed at as poor

To tradesmen and such may spell ruin. And somehow things will get about. Five hundred! There's little that's true in

My income's return I much doubt. But if I put less they might fancy My business was going to pot.

I try to explain this to NANCY, But she—wanting bonnets—says "rot!" She'd give it two hundred and fifty,

And storm if they deemed that too small; For women, though shifty and thrifty, Have no "point of honour" at all.

But when young thraconical Jingo Will shout "We've the money!" I wish The spouters of patriot lingo,

Who at my "tightfistedness" pish, Could but know how confoundedly trying 'Tis sometimes to "scrape up" the tax,

When creditors all round are crying, And current expenses so wax. I don't—when I've got some cash—grudge it

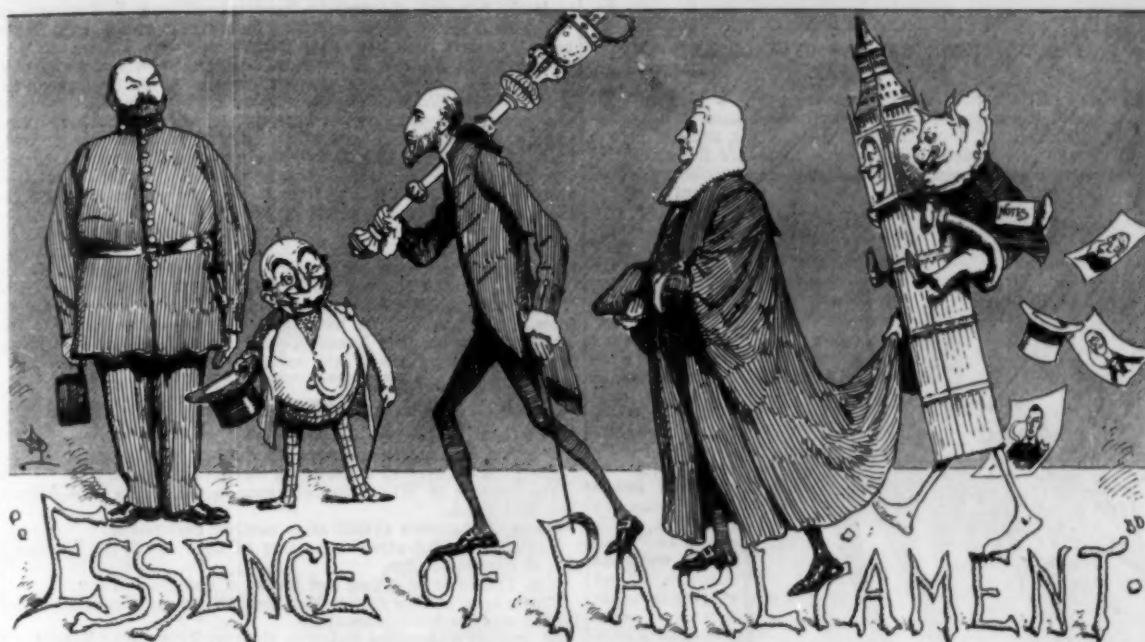
To pay for our Navy—oh, no! But still, I do hope the next Budget May knock off a penny or so!

"KOFI VICTOR."—Prince CHRISTIAN VICTOR of Schleswig-Holstein will of course reside in a Kofi Palace on his return to England.

MIDWAY IN THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION.—"Half a League onward."

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE RAID.—The Caledonian Boer-Hunt.





EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—Gathering of clans for new campaign. Customary competition for niche in history reserved for first man to put in appearance on opening of new session. But the race only half-hearted. Brings into sharp light the falling-off since the good old days when DONALD MACPHELAN, returned for Argyllshire, made his earliest mark. No half measures with that stout Highlander. Camped out in Palace Yard at nightfall preceding opening of session. His plaid wrapped round his swarthy limbs; a flask of Scotch whiskey hidden in its folds; at hand a small sack of oatmeal cake, which served a double debt to pay; a pillow to begin with; gradually thinned out as hunger grew, till its emptiness gave the signal to arise.

Used to be tradition among police on duty in those far-off days that pigeons in Palace Yard, having dim notions of treasured nursery tales, thought MACPHELAN was a Nineteenth Century Babe in the Wood. Being early in February, no leaves handy; brought straws and tenderly covered him. That probably mythical addition to simple facts of original story.

No similar foundation available to-day. The earliest Member arrives at prosaic noon; the rest troop in till, an hour before Mr. SPEAKER makes stately procession on way to Chair, the long-deserted House once more throbs with life. Everybody almost uproariously glad to see everyone else after separation which, after all, seems to date back only a week. Customary February allowance of sunlight. But SQUIRE OF MALWOOD makes up for deficiency in that matter. Passes through the throng like broad beam of sunlight; his whole face and figure a smile.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, when I remarked on his contagious hilarity; "I begin to think life is worth living. After three last years, reckon I have earned right to enjoy myself, and forthwith begin. Only thing that troubles me is consideration of PRINCE ARTHUR'S

position. Better than mine was, of course. Got majority behind him which would enable him to snap his fingers at anything on his side which corresponds to our Irish section, our Welsh, our Whigs, our Radicals, our men who want to go too far in a dozen different directions, our friends who will not accompany them. Moreover, he has the colleagueship of DON JOSE, and what that means, either in Cabinet Council or in other relations of political comradeship, only those who have enjoyed it know. Still there are cares and worries which sit around the pillow of Leader of House of Commons even through most restful nights, and in balmy morning. Maggots breed under brilliancy of noontide sun. Now is the very height of prosperity for our dear friends opposite. An overwhelming majority; a docile following; overflowing coffers (which I heaped up); a powerful Navy (which SPENCER built); the cloud of depression that has long laid over trade uplifted; a fair wind, a flowing tide. Never in my recollection—and I remember DIZZY's coming-in in 1874—never was there such a putting forth to sea of the Conservative argosy. And you know how, even in the second voyage of DIZZY's ship, the seas grew troubled, how storms increased, and how total wreckage befel. No, I'm not chuckling over that prospect as looming along the pathway of this latest voyage. Enough for me that I am out of the conning-tower, and can commence once more to enjoy Parliamentary life."

"And your policy as Leader of the Opposition?"

"Did you ever," said the SQUIRE, with far away look in his eyes, "hear of the habitual resource of Brer Rabbit in times of sudden emergency or apparently inextricable difficulty? 'He lay low and said nuffin.' There you have it, dear TOBY. As far as I am concerned, or can control what is left of the Liberal Party, for the present, at least, our's shall be the policy of Brer Rabbit."

Business done.—Second Session of Fourteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA opened.

### WEATHER AND WICE.

[MR. LINNEY, director of the Illinois State Weather Bureau, says that the total number of arrests shows a marked increase of crime with an increase of temperature, and when there is a deficiency of rainfall. There is a decrease of crime during the winter months, also when there is a rainy summer, and when the wind is from the south-east or south-west.]

I KNEW 'twas so! When earth and sky  
Announce the spring to human senses  
Do I not always yearn to try  
A little coup in false pretences?

In sheets of rain and seas of slime  
Perhaps our summer's been a sparse 'un;

Then something whispers, "Now's your time  
To show the world your skill in arson!"

Conversely, when I'd take a shot  
At being a homicidal hero,  
My inward monitor says, "What!  
Wouldst murder with the glass at zero?"  
And when I poached, I should have netted  
Ten toothsome bunnies at the least,  
Had not the wind—which I regretted—  
Turned suddenly to sou'-sou'-east.

So when I tried embezzlement,  
Why did the crime stick in my gizzard?  
What was it baulked my vile intent?  
A bobby? No, it was a blizzard.

And here's a fact on LINNEY's side—  
Our culprits recognise it daily—  
E'en should the air be cold outside,  
They get it hot at the Old Bailey!

### Church and Stage.

"Twixt preacher dull and actor, there  
Is difference small to show, Sir.  
The one's a Proser dans sa chaire,  
Tother, on stage, a "Pro," Sir.

NOTE ON RETIREMENT OF MR. J-ST-N MCCARTHY.—Irish difficulties in a worse plight than ever this Session, as the balance of parties needs adjustment.

## LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y<sup>e</sup> PROUDE CITTIE MAN, Y<sup>e</sup> BYSSHOP AND Y<sup>e</sup> SPECULATORE.

A CERTAYNE cittle man was in converse wythe a bysshop. He was a proude cittle man, for he had a fayre resydaunce in Kensingtoun, and hys wyfe and daughters were fyne ladyes, and one daye in everie monthe they woulde be atte home to theyre fryendes, and



woulde gyve each herself ayres when they dyd go a shoppynge. And while they were a talkynge who shoulde come that waye but TOMKYNGES, y<sup>e</sup> grett dealer in golde and dymonde mynes, in ryche tyre, connynglie browded, wyth jewellis upone hys handes and raymentes, and who had a grett house in Pickadilla, wyth servantes and horses wythoute numbre. And y<sup>e</sup> proude cittle man was right glad TOMKYNGES shoulde see hym a talkynge to a bysshop, as y<sup>e</sup> bysshop shoulde

see he dyd knowe y<sup>e</sup> famouse man; and soo stood alerte toe catch hys eye that he myghte nodde and smyle upon hym. But TOMKYNGES went hys waye with hys nose in y<sup>e</sup> ayre and tocke no notyces ever so lyttle.

"Y<sup>e</sup> popinjay!" cryed y<sup>e</sup> proude cittle man, who coulde not restrayne hys ire; "why, my lorde, I dyd knowe that man when he had not a jyrkyne toe hys back, and walked y<sup>e</sup> guttere callynge 'Rags and bones!'" A ryghte goode callynge, for he was but rags and bones hymselfe."

"Nay," sayd y<sup>e</sup> bysshop, wythe gentyle reproofe; "contra bones mores. Speak not ill of olde fryendes."

Y<sup>e</sup> proude cittle man toke hys leave wythe thoughte upone hys browe.

## INGOLDSBY AND SHAKSPEARE.

"He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron."

Now this quotation is from the tale of *Grey Dolphin*, which, as every body knows who reads, or has read, anything, is one of the prose stories included in the *Ingoldsby Legends* written by the Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM. *Les grands esprits se rencontrent* occasionally, and in this matter of "boots" SHAKSPEARE anticipated *Ingoldsby*. Turn to *Richard the Second*, Act V., Sc. 2. I give it compressed:—

"Duke of York. Give me my boots, I say!"

[Exit servant for boots.

"Duchess. What is the matter?"

"York. Bring me my boots." (This he must shout loudly as the servant, according to stage direction above, has gone for them.) "I will unto the king."

"Re-enter servant with boots.

"Duchess (to servant). Hence, villain! never more come in my sight."

[It was a nice family to live in. Duchess is now preventing servant from handing boots to Duke, while their son AUMERLE is standing by. Pretty domestic scene in *High life*!]

"York (naturally irritated). Give me my boots, I say!"

But the Duchess won't let him have his boots. During the remainder of the scene, while the servant, who remains on the stage, must be dodging about trying his best to give the Duke his boots, and AUMERLE is regarding the scene quietly, the Duchess, now throwing herself on her knees before her husband, now embracing him, now clinging to him, is perpetually preventing the Duke from sitting down quietly and putting on his boots. Finally, utterly exasperated, the Duke exclaims:—

"Make way, unruly woman!" and flinging her aside rushes off

violently, followed, of course, by "servant with boots." SHAKSPEARE, whose genius never disdained trifles, makes far more out of the Duke's boots than does *Ingoldsby* of the Baron's.

Should Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON well and wisely determine on reviving this play of SHAKSPEARE's, himself taking the part of the unhappy *King Richard the Second*, with whom the audience must always be in sympathy, may I hope that he will give due prominence to this particular scene, and will take great care that the property boots be effective? The *Duke of York* should be played by Mr. TERRISS, specially engaged. He can "make-up elderly"; and then how finely would he thunder forth "Give me my boots!" For the *Duchess*, who has to implore him on her knees, let the part be confided to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. Mr. ALEXANDER should play *Aumerle*; and the part of the servant, who brings in the boots, on whose business with the *Duke* and *Duchess*, and on whose facial expression the entire effect of the scene depends, might be safely entrusted to Mr. PENLEY, whose performance in dumb show, when, with the big boots in his hand, he tries to dodge the *Duchess*, would attract the whole of London. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON will do well to consider this friendly hint from

A. P. DE BOTTES.

## FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS (UP TO DATE).

THE Court at Osborne.

The German Emperor at or near Berlin.

The PRIME MINISTER at Downing Street and Hatfield.

The Duchess of WINDLESOR's bazaar in aid of the West African Top Boot Fund.

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR at Golf after meeting Parliament.

The P. C. Club attend a meeting of the "Au Revoir" Association at Farewell Lodge.

Mrs. TINWHISTLE's Small and Early. Carriages at 4 A.M.

Courts open at Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Westminster, &c. Sitting magistrates in attendance.

St. Paul's (Whispering Gallery), Madame TISSAND'S (NAPOLEON'S Carriage). The Tower (Crown Jewels), British Museum (mummies).

Constant trains from Waterloo, Victoria, Charing Cross, London Bridge, Paddington, Liverpool Street, and other stations (punctuality not guaranteed).

Hanwell.—Entertainment to unemployed patients.

Company Meetings.—Bunkum Railroad (10), Salt Cellars Limited (11.30), Pigskin Pavement (11.45), Far-above-Boobies Mine (12), Ashanti Food Supply (12.15), Thames Mud Recovery (1), Robber-Jobber Gem Mines (1.15).

Professor FRIZELLE introduces the Salubrikon shaving soap at St. Barbe's Hall, W.

THE BACK KITCHEN. Etruscan Hall, diner à la Macédoine, accompanied by comic songs, 3s. 6d. Tripe and larks' feet suppers in the Scandinavian recess. Fried fish in the Jerusalem Chamber.

RESTAURANT SPAGHETTI. Specialities: Frogs legs and oysters à la Piedmontaise; Tutti frutti à la Ghetto. Private rooms for public parties. Suppers during the theatres.

Inauguration of the Kamskatka Boarding House, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. GINGER POP. Refection at 5. By cards of invitation only. Great sale of wall-papers and window-blinds at Messrs. SIUCCO AND LATHER, 19, Great Cambridge Street, W.C.

Enormous sacrifice of Irish Whiskey Tonic at Messrs. O'BOGUS AND SNARK'S, 1008, St. Bee's Lane, E.C.

Hairpins, curlers, tongs, &c., amounting to £55,347 5s. 2d., at TOUPET'S, Chevaline House, Conqueror Street, W.

At BANAGHER'S, Crimpside (the only house established 1895) two million rabbit and rat-skin pelisses. Note—BANAGHER'S. None other genuine.

Madame FRILEUSE. *Massage Japonais* daily, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays.

Unicycling. The Bike Emporium, Ratford Road, W.

Corn cutting. *Chez un professeur Français*, No. 1279, Gambetta Street, W.C. Strict secrecy.

Guinea-pig, Bull and Bear Show. Stock Exchange Hall, E.C.

Racing. Campdown Steeplechases (first day). Backgammon, Dominoes, and Draughts. Great matches (8), Ping Pong Club, Seven Dials.

Gadabout Theatre. Twenty-fourth edition of *Paul Pry* in *Petticoats*. New songs, new dances, "new wheezes," new management, new authors, new call-boy.

VARITO'S Varieties. Signor PORCO the Pigman at 10, nightly. The MAC FLASH has returned.

"CARO NOME DEL MIO LI-COR"; OR, "VERO ED BEN TROVATO."

[A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Aberdeen Association for the Control of the Liquor Traffic was presided over by—Dr. BEVERIDGE.]

WITHOUT doubt, "for the throat" is this medical seer,

Whose name sounds especially "jolly."

But he'd "doe"—k the poor man of his beverage—beer,

And this sounds like absolute folly.



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JACK: "Did you kick him, Bill?"  
BILL: "What next! He's only doubled up with a coughing fit. He's subject to 'em."  
JACK: "No fear of that sort of thing happening to me! I take Géraudel's Pastilles, and keep my chest in Al order."

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